THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

THE DAY.

BY DAVID DIARY.

No. 18.

Neque enim is tantùm in vitio est, qui injustè facet impetum in quempiam, aliquâ animi perturbatione incitatus; sed etiam *qui non obsistit*, si potest, injuriæ.
CICER. 1 OFFIC. n. 23.

MR. DIARY,

THE readers of the Port Folio are indebted to your correspondent "Concangius," for the just and ingenious observations he has made in relation to the trials of Messrs. Ogden and Smith. I willingly make my acknowledgments for the pleasure and the information which I have derived from the perusal of his speculations, and am happy to perceive, that he has succeeded in rousing the public attention to the topics he has discussed, which are undoubtedly of the highest import and the deepest interest. With the sentiments expressed in his first communication, I profess an entire and hearty concurrence.—The ardor and the feeling which he has evinced, need no apology.—In animadverting upon conduct, such as he has condemned, to use the cold language of moderation, were almost to participate in the crime. Not to feel indignant at the insult offered to the court and the injustice done to the accused, by the President's secretaries, in their refusal to obey its subpœna, and their urging his *special signification of his need of their services*, as an apology for that refusal, would argue no less baseness, than, feeling indignant, to speak otherwise than in the tone and the words of indignation, would be a proof of prostrate servility and of abject cowardice. It ought to be remembered too, that the apology of the secretaries for their absence was communicated by *private letter* addressed to the judges; and this circumstance, if other proof were wanting, must satisfy every man, that this was really and truly no less than an attempt on the part of those gentlemen, to influence, if not to control the judges. Who ever before heard of a witness, subpœna'd to attend at a trial, sending a written "*I pray thee have me excused*" to the judge? The proceedings of a court of justice in every country *substantially* free, are not shrouded in privacy, they are open and undisguised as the day: they appear upon the record, which is free to the inspection of all, or they pass *ore tenus* within the hearing of all. The judge is to take his seat upon the trial of every issue, with a mind unbiassed, uninfluenced, as well with respect to the principal matter in dispute, as with respect to every collateral question that may arise out of it. To communicate *privately* with a court upon any subject about to pass *sub judicio*, is indubitably, in an individual, extremely indecorous, to say no worse of it, but rises to a high degree in the scale of crimes, when it is done by an officer of the *Executive Department*, in-

stituting a prosecution, and implicated in the very crime which is charged! I trust, when this matter is considered in this point of view, stripped of its mask and domino, the American public will feel and express a proportionate degree of resentment and indignation at the individuals who have been concerned in it! Had not this letter of Messrs. Madison and Smith been *exposed* to light by Judge Patterson, whose manly virtue and sterling integrity placed him as far out of the reach of any attempt to influence or corrupt him, as his spirit and independence would lead him to despise such as could be guilty of it, there is too much reason to believe that it might have slept in the pocket of Judge Talmage, with the presentment of the Grand Jury against himself, as alike unfit to be exposed to the view of vulgar eyes.—I know it will be said, that this letter proceeded from the courtliness and urbanity of Messrs. Smith and Madison: but the Hall of Justice knows not the hypocritical or unmeaning ceremonies of an antichamber or a drawing room. A witness is subpœna'd and he is bound by law to attend or he is justified in refusing to do so. In the administration of justice there is and ought to be a sternness and severity altogether inconsistent with canting civility and hypocritical declarations of respect.—When a gentleman declines an invitation to dinner because *he will not go*, he is permitted to give some less offensive reason for his absence; but a witness, if lawfully required to give evidence in a court of justice, is bound by every principle which she inculcates, by his duty to society, to attend: no excuse can be received or regarded but one which the law will allow; if he be not lawfully required, no apology is necessary for his non-attendance with regard to himself, or out of respect to the court: if sickness or other sufficient cause prevent him, it is enough for him to shew that when he is called upon to answer for his contempt.

In the case particularly under consideration, the process of the court was issued and legally served: the right to the attendance of the witnesses belonged to the party summoning them, not to the judge. Did Messrs. Madison and Smith presume that their evidence was not material? Such a *presumption* would justify the application of this term to them in another and a worse sense.—Will they justify their absence upon the maxim, *nemo teneatur ipsum accusare?* Let them profit by it, as far as it may serve them; but, even a *particeps criminis*, although neither required, nor permitted, to accuse himself, may be able and may be compelled to disclose facts not having that tendency. How often does it happen that the printer or the publisher is compelled to disclose the author of a libel? Although Messrs. Madison and Smith would not be bound to acknowledge that they individually countenanced and encouraged the enterprize of Miranda, why might they not state their knowledge of Mr. Jefferson's having done so? Such knowledge of itself, unless it were proved that they *advised* the President to give this countenance and encouragement, could not subject them to impeachment, much less to ordinary prosecution.—With respect to the latter, it may be doubted whether the act of Congress does not require a more active participation than mere *countenance* and *encouragement* to incur the penalties which it denounces. It may be otherwise as to impeachment, the grounds of which are less limited than those to which ordinary prosecutions in courts of justice are confined. But, as I have said before, these gentlemen could not be compelled to say whether they had *advised* the President, and, having no *control* over his conduct, without proof of having given such advice, they could not be convicted even on an impeachment. They might therefore have given evidence, without criminating themselves, and I trust I shall be able to shew in the sequel that evidence of the participation of the President of the United States, ought to and must have operated to the acquittal of the defendants.

But, will it be said that the officers of the Executive are not bound to crimi-

nate *one another?* This will be an extension of the humane maxim of the law, very far beyond what precedent will justify. What is the consequence of this doctrine? The President appoints his own secretaries, who are removed at his pleasure: their dependence on him is likely to make them obsequious and their interest will probably make them faithful. If their chief be guilty of an official act, which should degrade him from his station, and he is called upon to answer for it, how is the accusation to be supported? I suppose an official act with which his secretaries alone are made acquainted, and there may be many such. The Secretary of State is called upon: he replies, "Nemo teneatur ipsum accusare." True, say the managers on the part of the House of Representatives, but we inquire about the acts of the President not about the acts of the Secretary of State—Yes, answers the Secretary, but the President is of the Executive department and so am I, and we are all, President and Secretaries, there incorporated, like the French Republic, one and indivisible;—to accuse the President is to accuse the Executive department, which is to accuse myself! Such is the logic of the ingenious apologists for the absentee Secretaries, *and such must be their own justification* if they pretend any. They will not seriously insist upon the *reason* given in their private letter to the judges, the special requisition of their services at that particular moment by the President. If he made such a requisition, let him blush at the indecency of taking it off, the moment it became unnecessary as an excuse for their disobedience to the writ. Scarcely was the trial of Messrs. Ogden and Smith over, before it was known that the whole corps of Secretaries was disbanded, with, I believe, but one exception, and that occasioned by sickness. The exigencies of public business no longer demanded their devotion, but they, and the President too, fly in every direction, "one to his farm, and another to his merchandise," as interest, pleasure, or whim might direct them! "Concangius" may call this letter a "lie," but he is extremely wrong to call it a *plausible* one. No man is deceived by it. It recoils with disgrace upon its inventors, not less for its clumsiness, than for its falshood. Let us imagine this wise, and faithful and laborious body, the individuals having been served with subpœnas to attend at the trial of Messrs. Smith and Ogden *and their expenses tendered to them*, immediately convened by the orders of the President at Washington, to whom their presence *there* was convenient for the simple reason, that, having them there, he knew they could not be had *elsewhere*. There they are kept at their desks, mending old pens, or making new ones, working their sums in addition upwards and working them downwards, drawing plans of dry docks or making models of gun boats for the next war with the Turks, until the papers or private communications inform them that the trials have begun. The discussion of the motion for an attachment awakens their attention, and they may be supposed to lay aside their slates, and their pens, and their pencils: but this motion going favourably for them, they resume their former pursuits, and are compelled to while away their time as before, knowing no relaxation but their bed and their board, the pleasure of admiring the post and rail enclosure of the government-house, or wondering at the skill and industry which the workmen display in building up the new wing of the Capitol faster than the old wing tumbles down! While the trial is going on, they have indeed a dull time of it, for the motion for the attachment having failed, they might break up with safety, but they must abide together a little longer for decency's sake. At last it is announced that the trial is over, and *instanter* they break up and scamper away, with the alacrity of school-boys at the beginning of a vacation!

But, I owe an apology to you Mr. Diary, for the desultory remarks into which I have been led on this subject. Warmed by the influence of "Concangius" observations, I have been led into

them when it was merely my intention to thank him, and at the same time to submit to him whether in his last letter he has not gone too far in asserting, "that the conduct of the public servants, whatever it might have been, could afford no answer to the indictment preferred against Smith and Ogden." I agree with him entirely in his abstract proposition, "that the guilt of John is no argument, nor the crime of John any apology, for the innocence or the offence of Peter:"* in other words, that the *guilt* of Messrs. Jefferson, Madison, Dearborn, and R. Smith, would not justify the actions of Messrs. Ogden and Smith. I put out of view the decency and the morality of Mr. Jefferson's giving special directions to have a prosecution instituted against men for acts at which he connived and in which he is said to have participated. As "Concangius" has said, it was the prosecution of the people, and was not to be affected by such considerations. Let it be remembered however, for such I believe to be the fact, that this is the first instance in which a President of the United States has descended to the ungracious task of becoming immediately instrumental in a public prosecution. This unthankful office has heretofore been left to those officers of the government whose peculiar province it is to bring offenders to the bar of justice. The President of the United States is required to do nothing more than to let the law take its course, unless he should find occasion to exercise the amiable prerogative of pardoning the offender. That prerogative is indeed an important one, and would of itself seem to preclude any direct interference of the President in the institution, or prosecution of a criminal charge; but we have not now to complain of crimes in pro conscientiæ, or of mere indecorum, and I will not therefore further insist upon this topic.

I have said that I should be able to shew that evidence of the participation of the President of the United States ought to have operated to the acquittal of the defendants, and I shall give some reasons for my belief that it did so. I know the popular opinion has been, as "Concangius" has stated it, that the *guilt* of the President would justify Messrs. Ogden and Smith. Nor is it wonderful that the people should forget their resentment against the accused in their indignation at the impudence of a *particeps criminis*, turning an accuser; not only becoming, in the common phrase, *states' evidence*, but prosecuting *in his own name*, his accomplice. The crime of the former, would be lost to a common eye in the blaze of crime and impudence shed by the latter. The people cannot be expected to view things in the dispassionate and abstract way in which they are regarded by the politician in his closet. They are hurried away by their feelings, and perhaps if it be not a proof of discernment, it is an evidence of virtue in them on such an occasion to feel, rather than to reflect. The ground of my opinion that the participation of the President might have justified Messrs. Ogden and Smith, is not that he was *guilty*, that his participation was *illegal*, but that it was *lawful*;—that he had done no more than the constitution and the laws, by a fair construction, permitted him to do, nay than they required him to do, in the existing circumstances; and that had he omitted this participation, that omission would of itself, (in certain events which were then more than probable, and are only suspended by the time-serving and ignominious measures which have been since taken,) have been a ground of impeachment and have justified a removal or required an abdication of office by the President, not less deservedly or necessarily than Mr. Jefferson's departure to Carter's mountain is said once to have required his abdication of the governorship of Virginia, or justified his removal if he had hesitated to resign.

By the constitution of the United

* In quoting this passage, I have preserved the *meaning* of Concangius, although not precisely the *words* as printed. Some confusion is produced by the improper use of the particle *nor*, occasioned, I presume, by typographical inaccuracy.

States, the President is declared to be Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States. He is the organ of communication with foreign powers; he receives ambassadors and other public ministers, and nominates those who represent the United States; he makes treaties, subject only to the consent and approbation of the Senate. The situation in which he stands, gives him the best opportunity of perceiving the views and intentions of foreign nations and of knowing whether they are friendly or hostile. For what purpose is he placed on this constitutional eminence? Is it that he may stare at approaching danger, and prepare passively to receive the blow aimed at his country? The Constitution it is true gives to Congress *exclusively* the power of *declaring* war; but can the exclusive grant of *this* power to Congress, make their concurrence necessary to justify his acting on the defensive, and repelling the attack of a hostile nation? Is the sword placed in the hands of the Commander in Chief to remain in its scabbard when an invading foe is at the gates of your citadel, until Congress can be called together, by a tardy process of proclamation and summons? Certainly not—The power of *declaring* war was prudently reserved for Congress. It would be dangerous indeed to commit the peace of the community to the rashness of an individual: but the power of *resisting hostility* is of a different kind; it rests upon the principles of self-preservation, and it is the duty of the President whenever he has grounds to believe that hostile preparations are making by a foreign power, not only to prepare to meet, but by *active* resistance to repel and discomfit them. Such I believe has been the construction put upon the Constitution by the present administration with respect to the measures they have taken as to the Barbary powers, and it is warranted by every principle of good sense and prudence. The President then being permitted, nay as I have before said, required, *to act defensively*, without waiting for the approbation or concurrence of Congress, must he lie by until a *formal declaration* of war be made by the hostile power? Must he wait until the foe has landed on your shores, or crossed your boundaries, and war is proclaimed at the sound of the trumpet? Absurd supposition! Is it not known that in modern times wars are begun and carried on, with no warning of their commencement but the sound of great guns, and no evidence of their existence but the devastation and carnage which mark their progress? To this day it is disputed whether France or Great Britain acted offensively in the last war; and at this moment, although the latter power has seized every ship belonging to Prussia and sequestrated every particle of her property within her reach, there is no declaration of war; the two nations are in theory perfectly at peace! Must the President of the United States permit the property of the citizens to be captured and condemned, their liberty put in jeopardy, the territory invaded by a hostile power *in battle array*, defiance bid to the government, and, content himself with this *theoretical* peace? Must he defer every measure to vindicate the honour of the government or to protect the lives and liberties of the citizens, until a formal declaration of war be made against us, or until Congress is convened and declares war against the enemy? To shew the absurdity of such a construction of the Constitution and narrow limitation of the powers of the President, we need not *suppose* a case. That case was in fact exhibited in the conduct of Spain or her subjects, acting under the authority of their government, towards the United States. I need not call to recollection the repeated acts of outrage and injury which we received from them, and which were but a part of a system previously manifested and long before persisted in. Actual hostilities were committed by the Spaniards on our frontiers, not proceeding from the intemperance of the commander of a company, or the governor of a province, but with the knowledge and under the direction of the Spanish government. We all regarded our situation in relation to Spain as a

hostile one. Such was the opinion dictated by the common sense of this nation, on a view of the passing conduct of the officers and subjects of that. That such was the opinion of the President too, manifestly appears in his official communication to Congress at the opening of the session, and, under the influence of this opinion, it was his duty to wound the adversary and to weaken him! Is he then to be blamed for favoring the enterprize of Miranda? Was it not good policy, was it not his duty, to divert the hostile intentions of Spain, by encouraging this attack on her colonies? To these questions every patriotic tongue will respond, Yes! It was prudence and virtue in the President to foresee and avert the blow which threatened the nation; but some men are diffident only when they are inclined to act with honour and firmness. The generosity of a brave and free people would never condemn the zeal of a public officer in their service, if, with honest motives, it should carry him a little beyond the doubtful limits which in some instances bound constitutional power. But in this instance, I say, there has been no such transgression, it was hardly possible there should be. There is not an American breast which was not fired with resentment at the conduct of Spain, and would not have applauded the President had he gone much farther than he did. Surely it will not be pretended that she would have had reason to complain, had he taken the last means of vengeance. Upon this honourable and manly footing the President should have placed himself, and every honest American would on this occasion have rallied round him. He would have stood justified in the eyes of the nation and in the eyes of the world. But, alas! he wanted firmness (not for the first time) to stand his ground; he became recreant, in the very moment of glory. Congress commenced its session, and, after long sittings with closed doors, and much cool calculation, war is postponed at least, if not averted, by *tribute!* On this subject, I am willing to drop the curtain. The measures taken by Congress being so meanly pacific were irreconcileable with the views and the measures previously taken by Mr. Jefferson, and he very obsequiously sets himself about undoing as far as he could all that he had done, and as a proof of his sincerity, turns upon those very men who had before acted in perfect accord with him!

Such then was the situation of the United States in relation to Spain. I say that she had actually committed hostilities upon the United States; that war virtually and *de facto* existed, and that it was the duty of the President to repel her hostile acts. For this I appeal to facts within the knowledge of every transient observer: I appeal to the official communication of the President to Congress at the opening of the session, which (with the greatest deference to Judge Talmage, who rejected it) I contend to be the best evidence of "the state of the Union," which the nature of the case admitted of, or the defendants could produce. It is an official act, required by the Constitution, and must be presumed to be true. Than these facts, justifying the participation of the President, and proving his actual participation, I demand what better defence could Messrs. Ogden and Smith wish for? The act of Congress under which they were prosecuted, requires that the military expedition or enterprize to be carried on must be against the territory or dominions of a foreign prince *with whom the United States are at peace*. Were the United States *at peace* with Spain? Had she not committed hostilities upon us? Had not the President, whose peculiar duty it is to know and to declare "the state of the Union," participated in this military expedition against her? Certainly he had—His participation was lawful. And the defendants were consequently not guilty of any offence under the act of Congress! They come within the proviso expressed by Mr. Jefferson himself in his conversation with Miranda, "they have not infringed any law of the United States."

That it was under impressions like these, that the juries must have given

their verdicts of acquittal, is certainly to be presumed. The cases were ingeniously and laboriously argued by the most skilful and industrious counsel, and, the defendants having admitted their participation in the expedition, no other defence than this remained for them. A better one could not be desired to shield innocence from persecution.

SULPICIUS.

Phila. Aug. 19th, 1806.

P. S. Since writing the foregoing, the confidential messages of the President to Congress, on the subject of Spanish aggressions have appeared under the signature of "Decius." There are satisfactory reasons for believing John Randolph, Esq. to be the author of their publicity, and there is no doubt of their being authentic. To these messages, I confidently invite the attention of Concangius and my readers, in order to satisfy them, if they yet doubt, that we have been actually at war with Spain, and were so, when the Leander was fitted out at New York; and that the President acted under that impression. It is rumoured too, and it is to be feared with truth, that some of the Americans who were found in the four schooners in the service of Miranda, captured by the Spaniards, *have suffered death in the most ignominious manner!* I seriously ask my fellow citizens to say, upon whom the blood of these unfortunate men ought to be?

For the Port Folio.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

[A work has lately appeared in England from the pen of the celebrated Thomas Clarkson, A. M. author of several essays on the Slave Trade, entitled "A Portraiture of Quakerism, taken from a view of the education and discipline—social manners—civil and political economy—religious principles—and character of the Society of Friends." It appears from the following extract from the author's letter, that he is favourably disposed towards the society; but if we allow ourselves to judge from the character of the author, and the opinion of Lindley Murray, we apprehend the world will be furnished with a more impartial and interesting account of the Quakers, in the "Portraiture," than it has hitherto been. We understand a large edition of the work is now printing in New York, from a manuscript copy;—The English edition has not yet come to hand.]

Extracts from letters received from England explanatory and recommendatory of the work.

From the author, stating his view and intention in undertaking the work.

"In my labours on the subject of the abolition of the slave-trade, I had great occasion to mix with Friends, and coming by these means to the knowledge of many excellent institutions, of which I was before ignorant, I determined, at some period or other, to give these to the world.

"This work will be particularly useful to friends, and, perhaps, most so, to the youth or children of friends; for, independently of the various subjects of which it professes to treat, it will contain a compendium of their religion, made up from a laborious perusal of all their authors, who are most esteemed.—All their quotations from the fathers of the church, to which I am enabled to get access, will be examined. Hence many friends, instead of dipping into abstruse authors, may see all their principles laid down in regular order, and supported even by new facts and new arguments; for, loving the society as I do, and approving of their religious doctrines, I shall not fail to enforce them to the utmost of my power.

"This work will be highly useful again to the character of friends: for friends' principles are not known to the rest of the world. For how should they, when the world, who follow their own particular taste in reading, will not read their writings? Hence, when any person, not of the society, writes concerning them, he generally misrepresents their principles. But I hope to be able to set this matter right: and I hope also, by giving the origin of all those customs, in which friends differ from the world, and in shewing that they are founded in morality, not only to make their fellow-citizens better acquainted with them, but to break off their prejudices, and to procure for them both favour and respect.

From Lindley Murray, after having perused the work.

"I can truly say, that I have been much pleased with the performance. It is executed in a manner, which cannot fail to attract attention and command respect. I think it will be highly useful to the youth of our society, to perceive how well their opinions and practices can be supported; and it abounds with that kind of information, which must be interesting and satisfactory to persons who know but little of us. The work certainly places the society in a very advantageous point of view; and every member of it, whilst

he feels himself indebted to the author, must, if he reflects properly, be animated to act in a manner conformable to the excellent character, which he is made to sustain. The author too, through the medium of the Quakers, has had a fine opportunity to give to the world many important lessons of instruction; and he has not failed to do it in a way, that will doubtless afford to his own mind great satisfaction and prove beneficial to many of his readers. From these views of the work, I own that I am not a little desirous of seeing it published. And I hope it will not be long delayed. I think indeed that the author ought to persevere, and I shall be gratified to hear that the remaining volumes are nearly ready for the press."

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

[In the terrific style of the modern ballad, Mr. MOORE, appears to emulate the best manner of his friend LEWIS. The ensuing stanzas will cause the blood of *the few* to run cold. The description in the second stanza, the ghastly crew in the fourth, and the shadowy steersman in the fifth, are circumstances which the genius of a Mrs. RADCLIFFE, would delight to describe.]

WRITTEN ON PASSING DEAD-MAN'S ISLAND,*

IN THE GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE, LATE IN THE EVENING, SEPTEMBER, 1804.

See you, beneath yon cloud so dark,
Fast gliding along, a gloomy Bark?
Her sails are full, though the wind is still,
And there blows not a breath her sails to fill!

Oh! what doth that vessel of darkness bear?
The silent calm of the grave is there,
Save now and again a death-knell rung,
And the flap of the sails, with night-fog hung!

There lieth a wreck on the dismal shore
Of cold and pitiless Labrador;
Where, under the moon, upon mounts of frost,
Full many a mariner's bones are tost!

Yon shadowy Bark hath been to that wreck,
And the dim blue fire, that lights her deck,
Doth play on as pale and livid a crew,
As ever yet drank the church-yard dew!

To Deadman's Isle, in the eye of the blast,
To Deadman's Isle she speeds her fast;
By skeleton shapes her sails are furl'd,
And the hand that steers is not of this world!

Oh! hurry thee on—oh! hurry thee on
Thou terrible Bark! ere the night be gone,
Nor let morning look on so foul a sight
As would blanch for ever her rosy light!

* This is one of the Magdalen Islands, and, singularly enough, is the property of Sir Isaac Coffin. The above lines were suggested by a superstition very common among sailors, who call this ghost-ship, I think, "the flying Dutch-man."

We were thirteen days on our passage from Quebec to Halifax, and I had been so spoiled by the very splendid hospitality, with which my friends of the Phaeton and Boston had treated me, that I was but ill prepared to encounter the miseries of a Canadian ship. The weather however was pleasant, and the scenery along the river delightful. Our passage through the Gut of Canso, with a bright sky and a fair wind, was particularly striking and romantic.

Well written songs are read with rapture and learned by heart. We, therefore, introduce in the gayer department of our miscellany, what is almost sure to please not only the idler, but the musician and the poet.

Flattering lovers often swear
Wedlock is as sweet as honey,
But experienced folks declare,
'Tis quite sour without money.
Having none, I told dear Harry
I was much afraid to marry.

But he cried, my heart, my love,
Rich in charms let that content ye,
I'll a tender husband prove,
I've a house and kine in plenty.
Speedy bless thy faithful Harry—
He is not afraid to marry.

Say, ye maids, what could I do?
Here was surely no deception,
Could I but believe him true?
Could I have the least exception?
I no longer fear'd to marry,
And soon wedded faithful Harry.

The following lines, which have never been published before, are taken from a manuscript of the author, the Hon. Robert Spencer, grandson to the late, and nephew to the present, Duke of Marlborough: he is one of the choice wits of the day.

GOOD-BYE, AND HOW D' Y' DO.

One day, Good-bye met How d' y' do,
Too close to shun saluting,
But soon the rival sisters flew
From kissing to disputing.

"Away! says How d'y do, your mein
Appals my cheerful nature,
No name so sad as yours is seen
In sorrow's nomenclature.

Whene'er I give one sunshine hour,
Your cloud comes o'er to shade it,
Where'er I plant one bosom flow'r,
Your mildew drops to fade it."

Ere How d' y' do has tun'd each tongue
To hope's "delightful measure,"
Good-bye in friendship's ear has rung
The knell of parting pleasure.

From sorrows past, my chemic skill
Draws tears of consolation,
Whilst you from present joys distil
The tears of separation."

Good-bye replied, "your statement 's true,
And well your cause you 've pleaded,
But pray, who 'd think of How d' y' do
Unless Good-bye preceded?

Without my prior influence
Could yours have ever flourished,
And can your hand one flow'r dispense
But those my tears have nourished?

How oft, if at the court of love
Concealment be the fashion,
When How d' y' do has fail'd to move
Good-bye reveals the passion!

How oft, when Cupid's fires decline,
As every heart remembers,
One sigh of mine, and only mine,
Revives the dying embers!

Go, bid the timid lover choose,
And I 'll resign my charter,
If he for ten kind How d' y' does
One kind Good-bye would barter!

From love and friendship's kindred source
We both derive existence,
And they would both lose half their force
Without our joint assistance.

'Tis well the world our merit knows,
Since time, there 's no denying,
One half in How d' y' do-ing goes,
And t'other in Good-bye-ing."

[As a brilliant *companion*-piece to the preceding original and beautiful verses, we exhibit the following, recently produced by Mr. MOORE. It should be remembered that the honourable Mr. Spencer and the translator of Anacreon are friends, and it reflects great honour upon the taste and talents of these gentlemen that notwithstanding they are both men of fashion and men of the world, they can find, or make so much time for the service of the muses. Such is the happy versatility of the genius and so exquisite has been the discipline of these poets that they can at once turn from the fashionable circle to the studious cloyster, and while they give their nights to fashion, they devote their mornings to invention and labour.]

THE WREATH AND THE CHAIN.

I bring thee, love, a golden chain,
I bring thee too a flowery wreath;
The gold shall never wear a stain,
The flowrets long shall sweetly breathe!
Come, tell me which the tie shall be
To bind thy gentle heart to me.

The chain is of a splendid thread
Stol'n from Minerva's yellow hair,
Just when the setting Sun had shed
The sober beams of evening there.
The wreath 's of brightest myrtle wove
With brilliant tears of bliss among it
And many a rose leaf, culled by Love,
To heal his lip when bees have stung it.
Come, tell me which the tie shall be
To bind thy gentle heart to me.

Yes, yes, I read that ready eye,
Which answers when the tongue is loth.
Thou lik'st the form of either tie,
And hold'st thy playful hands for both.
Ah! if there were not something wrong,
The world would see them blended oft;
The Chain would make the Wreath so strong!
The Wreath would make the Chain so soft!
Then might the gold, the flowrets be
Sweet fetters for my love and me!

But, Fanny, so unblest they twine,
That (Heaven alone can tell the reason)
When mingled thus they cease to shine,
Or shine but for a transient season!
Whether the Chain may press too much,
Or that the Wreath is slightly braided;
Let but the gold the flowrets touch
And all their glow, their tints are faded.

Sweet Fanny, what would Rapture do
When all the blooms had lost their grace,
Might she not steal a rose, or two
From other Wreaths to fill their place?
Oh! better to be always free,
Than thus to bind my love to me.

The timid girl now hung her head,
And, as she turn'd an upward glance,
I saw a doubt its twilight spread,
Along her brow's divine expanse.
Just then the garland's dearest rose
Gave one of its seducing sighs—
Oh! who can ask how Fanny chose
That ever look'd in Fanny's eyes.
"The *Wreath*, my life, the *Wreath* shall be
The tie to bind my soul to thee."

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me;
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

The *first* Poem in Mr. Moore's new work is an Epistle addressed with great propriety, to his friend and school-fellow Lord Strangford. The fanciful idea derived from Pythagoras, of inscribing on the disk of the moon, our thoughts for the perusal of an absent friend; the allusion to the union of their bowl and their books at school; the giant form of the mountain of Pico, and the com-

pliment to the translator of Camoens, all vindicate the pretensions of the author to the character of a poet.

EPISTLE

TO LORD VISCOUNT STRANGFORD.

Aboard the Phaeton frigate, off the Azores, by moonlight.*

Sweet Moon! if, like Crotona's sage,†
By any spell my hand could dare
To make thy disk its ample page,
And write my thoughts, my wishes there,
How many a friend, whose careless eye
Now wanders o'er that starry sky,
Should smile, upon thy orb to meet
The recollection, kind and sweet,
The reveries of fond regret,
The promise, never to forget,
And all my heart and soul would send
To many a dear-lov'd distant friend!
Oh STRANGFORD! when we parted last,
I little thought the times were past,
For ever past, when brilliant joy
Was all my vacant heart's employ:
When, fresh from mirth to mirth again,
We thought the rapid hours too few,
Our only use for knowledge then
To turn to rapture all we knew!
Delicious days of whim and soul!
When, mingling lore and laugh together,
We lean'd the book on Pleasure's bowl,
And turn'd the leaf with Folly's feather!
I little thought that all were fled,
That, ere that Summer's bloom was shed,
My eye should see the sail unfurl'd
That wafts me to the Western World!

But, oh! 'twas time—in youth, awhile,
To cool the season's burning smile,
The heart may let its wanton wing
Repose in Pleasure's soft'ning spring;
But, if it wait for Winter's breeze,
The spring will dry, the heart will freeze!
And then, that Hope, that fairy Hope,
Oh! she awak'd such happy dreams,
And gave my soul such tempting scope
For all its dearest, fondest schemes,
That not Verona's child of song,
When flying from the Phrygian shore,
With lighter hopes could bound along,
Or pant to be a wanderer more!‡

Even now delusive Hope will steal
Amid the dark regrets I feel,
Soothing, as yonder placid beam
Pursues the murmurs of the deep,
And lights them with consoling gleam,
And smiles them into tranquil sleep!
Oh! such a blessed night as this,
I often think, if friends were near,
How we should feel, and gaze with bliss
Upon the moon-bright scenery here!
The sea is like a silvery lake,
And, o'er its calm the vessel glides
Gently, as if it fear'd to wake
The slumber of the silent tides!
The only envious cloud that lowers,
Hath hung its shade on Pico's height,*
Where dimly mid the dusk, he towers,
And scowling at this heav'n of light,
Exults to see the infant storm
Cling darkly round his giant form!

Now, could I range those verdant isles,
Invisible, at this soft hour,
And see the looks, the melting smiles,
That brighten many an orange bower;
And could I lift each pious veil,
And see the blushing cheek it shades,
Oh! I should have full many a tale,
To tell of young Azorian maids.†

Dear STRANGFORD! at this hour, perhaps,
Some faithful lover (not so blest
As they, who in their ladies' laps
May cradle every wish to rest,)
Warbles, to touch his dear one's soul,
Those madrigals, of breath divine,
Which Camoens' harp from rapture stole
And gave, all glowing warm, to thine!‡
Oh! could the lover learn from thee,
And breathe them with thy graceful tone,
Such dear, beguiling minstrelsy
Would make the coldest nymph his own!

But, hark!—the boatswain's pipings tell
'Tis time to bid my dream farewel:
Eight bells!—the middle watch is set;
Good night, my STRANGFORD!—ne'er forget
That, far beyond the Western Sea
Is one, whose heart remembers thee!

The popular tune of Yankee Doodle, will always be a favourite with Americans. The following, written we presume by the ingenious Mr. BIGELOW of Salem, Mass. is so much superior to the vulgar ditties generally sung to this

---

* From Captain Cockburn, who commanded this "Phaeton, that whipp'd me to the West," I received such kind attentions as I must ever remember with gratitude.

† Pythagoras; who was supposed to have a power of writing upon the Moon by the means of a magic mirror. See *Bayle, Art. Pythag.*

‡ Alluding to these animated lines in the 44th Carmen of this Poet:

Jam mens prætrepidans avet vagari,
Jam lætistudio pedes vigescunt!

* Pico is a very high mountain on one of the Azores, from which the island derives its name. It is said by some to be as high as the Peak of Teneriffe.

† I believe it is Guthrie who says, that the inhabitants of the Azores are much addicted to gallantry. This is an assertion in which even Guthrie may be credited.

‡ These islands belong to the Portugueze.

tune, that we think proper to preserve it. Some of the *provincial* phrases of New England, are very happily ridiculed.

A SONG

FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1806.

Tune—Yankee Doodle.

Yankee Doodle is the tune
Americans delight in;
'Twill do to whistle, sing, or play,
And *just the thing* for fighting.

Chorus—*Yankee Doodle, Boys; Huzza!*
Down outside, up the middle—
Yankee Doodle, fa, sol, la,
Trumpet, drum and fiddle.

Should Great-Britain, Spain or France,
Wage war upon our shore, sir,
We'll lead them such a *woundy* dance,
They 'll find their toes are sore, sir.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

Should a haughty foe expect
To give our boys a caning,
We *guess* they 'll find our boys have *larnt*
A *little bit* of training.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

I 'll wager now a mug of flip,
And bring it on the table,
Put Yankee Boys aboard a ship,
To beat them they are able.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

Then if they go to *argufy,*
I *rather guess,* they 'll find too,
We 've got a set of *tonguey blades,*
T' out-talk 'm, if *'they 're mind to.*
Yankee Doodle, &c.

America 's a *dandy* place:
The people are all brothers:
And when one 's got a *punkin pye,*
He shares it with the others.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

We work and sleep and pray in peace—
By industry we thrive, sir,
And if a drone won't do his part,
We 'll scout him from the hive, sir.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

And then on INDEPENDENT DAY
(And who 's a better right to?)
We eat and drink, and sing and play,
And have a dance at night, too.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

Our girls are fair, our boys are tough,
Our old folks wise and healthy;
And when we 've every thing we want,
We *count* that we are wealthy.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

We 're *happy, free,* and *well to do,*
And cannot want for knowledge;
For, almost every mile or two,
You find a *school* or *college.*
Yankee Doodle, &c.

The land we till is all our own;
Whate'er the price, we paid it;
Therefore we 'll fight *till all is blue,*
Should any dare invade it.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

Since we 're so bless'd, let 's eat and drink,
With thankfulness and gladness;
Should we kick o'er our cup of joy,
It would be *sartin* madness.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

In the following Stanzas, the moral reader will perceive that Mr. Moore can when he pleases, *think like a sage though he feels as a man.*

A beam of tranquillity smil'd in the West,
The storms of the morning pursued us no more,
And the wave, while it welcom'd the moment of rest,
Still heav'd, as remembering ills that were o'er!

Serenely my heart took the hue of the hour,
Its passions were sleeping, were mute as the dead,
And the spirit becalm'd but remember'd their power,
As the billow the force of the gale that was fled!

I thought of the days, when to pleasure alone
My heart ever granted a wish or a sigh;
When the saddest emotion my bosom had known
Was pity for those who were wiser than I!

I felt, how the pure, intellectual fire
In luxury loses its heavenly ray;
How soon, in the ravishing cup of desire,
The pearl of the soul may be melted away!

And I pray'd of that Spirit, who lighted the flame,
That pleasure no more might its purity dim;
And that sullied but little, or brightly the same,
I might give back the gem I had borrow'd from him!

The thought was extatic! I felt as if Heaven
Had already the wreath of eternity shown;
As if, passion all chasten'd and error forgiven,
My heart had begun to be purely its own!

I look'd to the West, and the beautiful sky
Which morning had clouded, was clouded no more—
"Oh! thus," I exclaimed, "can a heavenly Eye
"Shed light on the soul that was darken'd before!"

Parnobile Fratrum.

To rob the public two contractors come,
One cheats in *corn* the other cheats in *rum,*
The greater rogue 'tis hard to ascertain,
The *rogue in Spirit,* or the *rogue in Grain.*

[The following anecdote is genuine. We are told that the music in question is one of the finest pieces ever composed. No body doubts of the *ingenuity* of the devil.]

THE DEVIL'S SOLO.

Every musical amateur has heard of the celebrated TARTINI, though his works, generally speaking, have been confined to the continent. This eminent composer, who flourished in the beginning of the last century, dreamt one night, in the year, 1713, that he had entered into a compact with the Devil, who promised to be at his service upon all occasions. After making several trials of his obedience, he gave the Devil his violin, in order to discover what sort of a musician he was; when, to his great astonishment, he heard a solo so exquisitely beautiful, that he awoke with surprise and delight, and, seeing his instrument, endeavoured, but in vain, to express the sweet sounds he had just witnessed. He, however, composed a solo, which he named *Il Sonata del Divolo*. It is a charming composition, and has always been esteemed his master piece. The Solo of the infernal performer, or at least so much of it as TARTINI's memory enabled him to preserve, has only within a few weeks found its way to our metropolis. The particular passage which made the greatest impression, and therefore may be considered as the genuine strains of his Satanic Majesty, is designated by the title of the *Author's Dream*. One part is uncommonly difficult of execution; it consists of successive shakes upon consecutive notes, while the other fingers of the performer are occupied in a corresponding accompaniment. It is, unquestionably, a *devilish* hard passage, and none but the Devil, or a devilish fine player, can accomplish it. The author informs us, in a marginal note, that they were the shakes performed by the Devil at the foot of the bed. It cannot but be a great source of satisfaction to find, that a personage, whom, from our earliest infancy, we are taught to dread, is not quite so bad as he has been described; and as he has "music in his soul," we may not unreasonably hope that he possesses other qualities in an equal degree, and that his love of the fine arts may, in progress of time, effectuate a complete and thorough reformation in his character and habits.

MODERN LOVE.

When Phillis found she'd lost her lover,
And that no art could keep a rover,
With willows dark she bound her head,
Swift to the cypress grove she sped:
There, stretch'd beside a brook, she lay,
To weep and sigh her soul away:
She groan'd, she rav'd, she tore her hair,
And look'd the image of Despair—
"Ah! wretched Phil! by love o'ertaken,
And thus by Florio forsaken.
Forsaken!——that I 'll ne'er endure;
The brook affords a speedy cure.
Since Florio loves me not, I 'll die!"
She rush'd——"Soft; what a fool am I!
To die for an inconstant swain!
I' faith, I 'll live, and try again."

[The following which is a good thing alludes to a dispute between two members of the *American* Congress.]

From the Repertory.

IMPROMPTU.

By Master Samuel Slender.

Said Randolph to Allston—"Our Mess, I believe,
"Expect you to-day, sir, to dine;
"You shall find what a dinner our hostess can give;
"We 'll be happy to see you—you know where we live;
"And we'll *crack* a few bottles of wine."
In a devilish haste to eat puddings and pies,
And to *crack* half a dozen of Red.
Away posted Allston—but, to his surprise,
Found the wine he'd been promis'd dash'd into his eyes,
And the bottle *crack'd* over his head.

To a Lady, coquetting at Church.

Yes, Cælia, you divinely fair,
May laugh at sermon, praise, and prayer,
But, Cælia, is no reverence due
To him, whose skill created you.

Recluse within Love's myrtle bower,
The warrior sinks in listless rest,
Forgets the busy path of Power,
And slumbers on his fair one's breast;
But let the call of Duty sound,
He springs from off the Cyprian ground,
And rears his crest on high,
Then vaults upon his neighing steed,
And spurs along the martial mead,
To challenge and defy!
In vain displodes the deathful storm,
Its vollied thunders round his form,
Drums roll and trumpets bray;
Still o'er the dying and the dead,
The hero's pressing footsteps tread,
Till victory crowns the day:
His dear reward, the laurel braid
That 's woven by his faithful maid.

ON A DECAYED BEAUTY.

Sylvia, with every grace adorn'd,
Blooming in all her pride,
Each youth and fondest lover scorn'd
Who for her beauties dy'd.
When now arriv'd at fifty-nine
Love's gentle flame she tries,
And, as she finds her charms decline
She feels her passion rise.
Thus oaks, a hundred winters told,
Just as they now expire
Turn touchwood, doated, grey and old
And at each *spark* take fire.

Among a thousand good songs, I do not know whether I could select one of sweeter cadence, sounder sense and more agreeable allegory than the ensuing. It is the production of George Saville Carey.

Life 's like a ship, in constant motion,
Sometimes high and sometimes low,
Where every one must brave the ocean,
Whatsoever wind may blow.
If, unassail'd by squall or shower,
Wafted by the gentle gales;
Let 's not lose the favouring hour
While success attends our sails.

Or, if the wayward winds should bluster,
Let us not give way to fear,
But let us all our patience muster
And learn from Reason how to steer.
Let Judgment keep you ever steady,
'Tis a ballast never fails;
Should dangers rise, be ever ready
To manage well the swelling sails.

Trust not too much your own opinion,
While your vessel 's under weigh,
Let good example bear dominion,
That 's a compass will not stray:
When thundering tempests make you shudder
Or Boreas on the surface rails,
Let good discretion guide the rudder
And PROVIDENCE attend the sails.

Then, when you 're safe from danger, riding
In some welcome port or bay,
Hope be the anchor you confide in,
And Care, a while, in slumber lay.
Or, when each cann 's with liquor flowing,
And good fellowship prevails,
Let each true heart with rapture glowing
Drink success unto our sails.

The following lines are not unanimated by the spirit of poetry.

Secure the bark had plough'd the azure main,
And no rude storm the ethereal remov'd;
Elate the mariner beheld again
The clime he honour'd and the plains he lov'd.

The wanton loves, high sporting in the air,
Call'd the glad youth to beauty's sacred shrine,
Come, come away, they cried, for thou the fair
The laurel wreath and fragrant flowers entwine.

Delusive hour! see now the threat'ning heaven
O'er thy defenceless head see tempests lour,
For to the main thy wretched bark is driven,
Seas, skies combined, on thee their fury pour.

Ah what avails thee that thou once wert blest
That Hope allur'd thee, or that Beauty lov'd,
That Peace her mantle folded on thy breast,
That Glory crown'd thee, or that Fame approv'd.

Dark night succeeds to thy illumin'd morn
And thy bark sinks in the devouring main,
Alas! so fears my heart Semira's scorn,
So glow'd my hopes and such is now my pain.

The domestic charities will surely smile at the following.

When morn's approach had banish'd night,
And lovely May the world was cheering,
My infant boy beheld the light,
To greet a mother's fond endearing.
His beauties charm'd the village round,
So like his dad were all expressing
In June the christening bowl went round,
And sweetly smil'd a parent's blessing.

'Twas August—scarce three years were o'er,
And sweetly he began to prattle,
When an old shipmate reach'd the shore
To tell his dad had fell in battle.
I wept—Reflection dry'd my tears,
My boy required each fond caressing,
And with maternal hopes and fears
I watch'd a widow'd parent's blessing.

When bleak November's winds did blow
To sea his daring spirit ventur'd,
To part, my breast was fraught with woe,
For every hope in him was center'd.
Five times December's moon had past,
Deform'd by storms full oft distressing
When o'er the beach tript home in haste,
To glad my heart a parent's blessing.

HENRY FIELDING is one of my favourite authors, and his Tom Jones I generally have read at least twice a year since my boyhood. I admire this original writer not only for his wit, humour, and perfect knowledge of the human heart, but for his clear and manly style. Above all, he is to be venerated for his love of CLASSICAL LITERATURE, and to be studied for his successful imitations of some of the finest reliques of antiquity. The following animated and beautiful invocation to a brilliant POWER is commended by Gibbon, and certainly exhibits in a striking and pleasing manner, that enthusiasm which urges every conscious and adventurous author to deeds of literary renown.

"Come, bright love of Fame, inspire my glowing breast; not thee I call who over swelling tides of blood and tears dost bear the hero on to glory, while

sighs of millions waft his spreading sails, but thee, fair gentle maid, whom Mnesis, happy nymph, first on the banks of Hebrus did produce. Thee, whom Mæonia educated, whom Mantua charmed, and who, on that fair hill, which overlooks the proud metropolis of Britain, satst with Milton, sweetly tuning thy heroic lyre; fill my ravished fancy with the hopes of charming ages yet to come. Foretel me that some tender maid, whose grandmother is yet unborn, hereafter, when, under the fictitious name of Sophia, she reads the real worth which once existed in my Charlotte, shall from her sympathetic breast, send forth the heaving sigh. Do thou teach me not only to foresee, but to enjoy, nay, even to feed on future praise. Comfort me by a solemn assurance that when the little parlour in which I sit at this instant, shall be converted into a worse furnished box, I shall be read with honour by those, who never knew, nor saw me, and whom I shall neither know nor see.

And thou, much plumper dame, whom no airy forms, or phantoms of imagination clothe; whom the well-seasoned beef and pudding, richly stained with plumbs, delight. Thee, I call, of whom in a Treckschuyte, in some Dutch canal, the fat ufrou gelt, impregnated by a jolly merchant of Amsterdam, was delivered: in Grub-street school didst thou suck in the elements of thy erudition. Here hast thou, in thy mature age, taught Poetry to tickle not the fancy, but the pride of the patron. Comedy from thee learns a grave and solemn air; while tragedy storms loud and rends the affrighted theatres with its thunder. To sooth thy wearied limbs to slumber, alderman History tells his tedious tale; and again to awaken thee, monsieur Romance performs his surprising tricks of dexterity. Nor less thy well-fed bookseller obeys thy influence. By thy advice the heavy unread folio lump which long had dozed on the dusty shelf, piece-mealed into numbers, runs nimbly through the nation. Instructed by thee, some books, like quacks impose on the world by promising wonders, while others turn beaus and trust all their merits to a gilded outside." For the remainder see Tom Jones.

MADAME RECAMIER.

A letter from Paris, dated February 25, says, "the amiable and accomplished Madame Recamier is now preparing to quit her superb mansion in *Rue de Mont Blanc*, for an humble dwelling in the *Marais*, where she intends to establish a *Pensionat* for Young Ladies. No female of this capital retired from the circle of fashion with so much native dignity, and supported the reverse of fortune with more becoming fortitude. She carries with her, not only the admiration of friends, but the esteem of those who once envied or hated her as a rival. The same as formerly, when in affluence, she has during the last winter received regular invitations to our numerous balls, routs, and assemblies:—and the Empress and the Princesses Buonaparte have, by their chamberlain, informed her that her presence in the drawing-room would always be agreeable; but she has renounced entirely all society, and in solitude applied herself for her new situation of life. Even the brilliant offer of Princess Louis Buonaparte, to become the governess of her children, has been declined in a modest letter; in which she says, "that though her education and capacity might be sufficient for the instruction of children of citizens, they were not calculated for the education of children of Princes." She adds, "that the unavoidable dissipation of courts would besides prevent her from fulfilling her first duty, that of a wife."—It is now discovered, that the house of Recamier never possessed any great wealth, though its credit, during ten years, has been one of the most extensive."

How is the world deceiv'd by noise and show!
Alas! how different to pretend and know!
Like a poor highway brook, *Pretence* runs loud
Bustling, but shallow, dirty, weak and proud,
While, like some noble stream, *True Knowledge glides*
Silently strong, and its deep bottom hides.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

To the Editor of the Port Folio.

SIR,

The following VISION, is translated from a European *Latin* work, but little known in this country:—independent of the brilliancy of imagination which it displays, and which is more conspicuous in the original Latin—the high and beautiful moral it contains, will greatly delight the refined, chaste, and virtuous reader; particularly those, who are votaries of pure *conjugal* felicity. With such corrections, in point of style, as your pen may dictate, you are at liberty to publish it in the *Port Folio*. S. P.

Bedford, P. May 15, 1806.

A VISION.

As deeply musing on celestial things,
On friendship, marriage, and on mutual love,
One morning bright, a heavenly voice I heard,
And thus it spake: "We have perceiv'd, that thou
Dost meditate on *Love Conjugial*;*
On such as angels in the heavens enjoy.
Wherefore, that thou may'st be inform'd thereof,
To tell frail mortals of celestial joys;
We will let down from thence, for thee to view,
An *angel-pair, conjugial*:" When lo!
Appear'd, descending from the highest heaven,
A diamond chariot, glitt'ring as the sun:—
Two snow-white horses, gently drew along
This heav'nly car, in which, at distance view'd
Appear'd *an angel*: as it near approach'd
A *pair celestial*, in beauty bright,
Display'd at once their brilliant heav'nly forms.
A turtle-dove sat perch'd in either hand,
Which, waving gently, thus they me address'd.
"Wilt thou, that we come nearer, mortal man?
But should'st we thee too near approach, take heed,
Lest, thy too feeble pow'rs are overwhelm'd
With the celestial blaze of love and truth,
Which flows from our high heav'n, ineffable,
To those inhabiting your world obscure."
To whom, in humble attitude, I bow'd;
While they approaching, thus divinely spake.
"We are a *pair conjugial*, bless'd in heaven;
Where we have liv'd in all the flower of youth,
Since that bless'd time, on earth, you name
The *Golden age*." With wonder and delight,
I humbly dar'd to view this matchless pair;
Whose face, and form, and raiment, all display'd
The brightest emblem of *conjugial love*.
In all the bloom of manly youth, appear'd
The *husband*: From his eyes, the sparkling light,
Deriv'd from Wisdom, darted brightest rays;
From whence was radiant from the inmost ground,
His face, refulgent as the shining east,
In all the splendour of celestial truth.
Cloth'd, was he, in an upper robe, which reach'd
In graceful ease, down to his feet: His vest
Of heav'nly blue, round which a golden girdle,
Rich with precious stones, (one grac'd each side,
And one, more bright, the middle grac'd) was girt.
Of shining limen white, his stockings were,
With threads of silver intermingled bright:
Of velvet were his shoes.
Such was the form
Of *love conjugial*, with the *husband* shewn.

But with the *wife*, can language it describe?
Her face was seen by me, yet was not seen:
As beauty, in its highest form, 'twas seen;—
Because this beauty cannot be express'd,
Not seen; for in her face, shone splendid light,
Such only as the highest heav'n afford;
Dazzling my sight, my mind in wonder lost.
Observing this, she ask'd,—"What seest thou?"
I answer'd thus,—"Nought but *conjugial love*,
And its most perfect form, I see; and yet,
I do not see." When, lo! she turn'd herself
Obliquely from her *husband's* brilliant form;
Then, only, could my eyes, with safety view
Attentively, her various, countless charms,
Which all the painter's art, to imitate,
Would be in vain: for in all nature's round,
No colours bright and rich enough exist,
Even faintly, to express their vivid hues.

The flaming light of her high native heav'n,
Deriv'd from Wisdom's love, shone in her eyes:—
With diadems and flow'rs, her hair was deck'd,
Arrang'd in correspondence with her beauty.
Carbuncles form'd her necklace; from it hung
A Rosary of rich chrysolites.
Bracelets of pearl she wore: Her upper robe,
Of scarlet was composed; and underneath
A purple stomacher, was clasp'd, in front,
With rubies bright. But what me most amaz'd—
Those colours varied constantly, as she

---

* From the Latin term *Conjugiale*, a higher degree of union than is understood by the term *Conjugal*, which is from the Latin word *Conjugale*.

Her *husband* view'd. In mutual aspect,
Splendid were their hues; obliquely view'd,
Less brilliant they appear'd.
These beauties mark'd,—
Again of love and truth they me address'd;
And such their union was, that each appear'd
To speak the language of the other, with voice
That to my ear, in sweetest sounds, convey'd
The bliss, that flows from innocence and peace.
At length, with heav'n directed eyes, they said
"We are recall'd;—We must from you depart."
When lo! again, they instantly appear'd
In chariot bright convey'd, through flow'ring shrubs,
Through olive groves, and orange-bearing trees;
Until they near approach'd their native heav'n;
Where, met by virgins of celestial bloom,
They welcom'd were; and then aloft convey'd,
Beyond the sight of keenest mortal eye.

IN MEMORY OF BURNS.

Attend me now, ye sacred nine
And gently smooth the artless line;
Attend, and shed o'er merit's bier,
Lone sorrow's sweet, embalming tear.
Auld Scotia's thistle sighs an mourns
In memory of her long lost Burns;
Each Scottish bard now droops his head,
Since Burns is number'd with the dead.
Nae mair by bonie Doon he 'll stray,
Nae mair he 'll hear the zephyrs play
Along thy banks at parting day;
At eventide when a' was still
Except some gently purling rill,
Whose wimpling streams wi' pleasant din
Runs down the rock into the lin.
This was the hour thy Poet sought
To wander here in pensive thought,
Inspir'd by yonder rising moon
That glanc'd so clear on bonie Doon.
But oh! nae mair he 'll see thee flow,
Nae mair to thee he 'll tell his woe;
While sweet the blackbird gently sung,
While all around the woodland rung,
E'en nature seem'd to lisp her thanks
To Burns, upon thy flowery banks.
Ye banks of Ayr an' flowing stream
Nae mair ye' ll be your bardie's theme.
Now mournfu' rolling, on ye go,
Nae mair he tells how sweet ye flow.
Ye warbling songsters o' the vale,
Nae mair ye 'll hear his rural tale;
Wi' uncouth notes, by nature bred,
Nae mair ye 'll charm him in the shade.
Ah Scotia fair, my guide auld mither
Whar waves sae sweet the bloomin' hether,
Is there no bard to tune ye'r lays
Nane left to sing his country's praise,
Nane left to rhyme auld nature's turns,
Wi' cantie strains like Rabie Burns.
Nane left to touch the sacred lyre,
Or climb yon hill wi' fond desire,
Enrapt in wild poetic fire.
Departed bard! art thou no more!
Thou hast fled to a far distant shore,
There to enjoy eternal rest,
By mortals never here possest.
Departed genius! art thou lost?
My country's pride, her greatest boast!
Go, gentle zephyrs, sweetly wave
The binding laurels o'er his grave,
While Fame proclaims on ilka shore
That Scotland's bard is now no more.
Rise youthful Bards where'ere ye be,
In native vales, or o'er the sea. H. C.

On the detractors of departed merit.

Strophos, on fretful rancour fed,
With frothy venom strives to blot
The fair fame of the honour'd dead,
But, ere his last, broach'd scandal 's read
The former 's scorned and forgot.

So have I seen a chattering daw
On CAESAR's passive statue—mute—
Then give a self applauding caw;
But the next shower the seeming flaw
Completely washes out.

EPIGRAMS.

Damon, whom all the world but I, believ'd
The falsest wretch that ever nymph deceiv'd,
According to the presage of my mind
The truest and most faithful youth I find.
Through every little vice I trace the swain,
But still found Honour in his bosom reign.
So Proteus, if a chain but held him fast,
Shook off the beast and prov'd a god at last.

[The following Epigram was written on Sir Francis Drake, who, it will be recollected, circumnavigated the globe in the reign of the "good Queen Bess."]

O, Nature, to Old England still
Continue these mistakes,
Give us for our *Kings* such *Queens*,
And for our * *Duc* such *Drakes*.

Such a liar as Peter I never came nigh,
Put a truth in his mouth it will come out a lie.

* Latin word for *commander*.

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